

THE ITALIAN ARMY.
(From the Times' Turin Correspondent.)

Mortal indeed is this reform bill becoming: for while it hasn't sufficient vitality to keep its non-corporate body and spiritless soul together, it is deadly enough to cast the shadow of dissolution on the expiring session. A general election promises to be among the titillating incidents of the piquant autumn approaching, for nobody supposes now that we are going to have a summer, unless perhaps at Christmas, by which time the vines will have lost the expression of the grape from over the water now contemplated in the wine-licensing act. At no time since the invasion-panic began was the apprehension that there must be "something in it" so vivid as at present. It is not easy to account for this, unless it be the unwonted arrival amongst us of foreigners, and of English who have been living abroad, among almost all of whom, come from what corner of the globe they may, there is an unanimity as to the airs the French are everywhere giving themselves, as though the dominions of the British Empire were about to be reduced to the size of the lake of Geneva. The pansy and lotus-flower symbolism, and sentiment seem to pervade the Gallie breast, as if it were an understood thing that the hour would strike presently, giving note not only of dreadful preparation, but that everything had long been prepared, for Heaven or the other place only knows what. L. N. B. has at length brought himself in this country to the *Non amo te, Sabida*, condition of Dr Fell, whom everybody disliked, though nobody could exactly say why; and even Quaker Bright would now shake his head, or his hat, which has more of the beaver in it, at a vote of confidence in the amiability of the Emperor of France. Then, again, it is the same old story of well known facts, which would hardly lead to suspicion of the sort, that our newspapers are chiefly remarkable for the intelligence they don't contain concerning matters it is vital we should be familiar with. For instance, it never appears in print in England that the new order of things Piedmontese is otherwise than Paraisidical, whereas it is notorious that Pandemonium would afford a more exact parallel. The revolution is devouring its own children, as all revolutions have. The moderates are being overthrown pooh-poohed, and the immoderates exalted—i.e., they exalt themselves, and none dare snub them, knowing who is behind them, and why he eggs them on to convulsion and chaos, in case they may come to a pacificator, such pacificator proves the contrivator to the antelope, when anxiously and absorbing that capricious creature. Hence he, not the host, but the other

drowned rats, at least like rats that feared to be drowned, and didn't much care what kind of deluge came after themselves. He did not arrive in the House till towards ten o'clock, and his absence threw the "appendages" into great confusion, not only because they don't know what to do without him, and none will obey the other if they did know, but because he is the only one who can do anything with his own Speaker, Denison. This is a very potent leverage just now;—at least, potent for Speaker Denison; and he gets through his sole with an inflexible severity and positive genius for stupidity that should entitle him to two coronets when he is made a peer, which should be immediately. Points of order are the turning points of public business in the House at present; but those who are turning that pass his comprehension; while, with the perversity of people of his stamp, he is jealous of the least interference, suspects that he is being laughed at, in which he is not far wrong, and resents the imagined indignity in the way that is certainly no laughing matter for the public, from whom he draws some £10,000 a year in one shape or other. The consequence is, that the disorder of the proceedings is something a Kentucky vestry would be ashamed of, if they have such a thing as a vestry in Kentucky, or if a Kentuckean ever heard of it. It will be ashamed of anything. Hence, when Palmerston is away, Denison is undrivable, unpleasable, uncoaxable, and altogether unmanageable.

To bring these matters up to a stage of intelligibility to the reader, it is necessary to premise that Thursday was a very confused day at the clubs, everybody asking what would happen, and announcing it himself without waiting for an answer. The Reform, at least the talkers there who are supposed to represent the tongues, if not the heads, of the establishment, was anxious that Sir James Ferguson's motion would be extinguished by the Speaker, as being untenable; and that, therefore, another might would not be lost before going into committee. The Carlton knew that Sir James's motion had been condemned by the Speaker, and Denison dogmatizes loudly enough out of the chair, what whatever bated breath he whispers in it, and says that he is trying to hit upon some other device of delay, how not to do it being the great object of the gentlemen of practical England. Brookes's, the respectable Whig set, hating the bill, and all pertaining to it, hoped that something would be done to prolong the discussion; but didn't exactly see how, for every artifice of procrastination appeared to be exhausted, and there seemed a certainty that the scheme would be precipitated somehow in sufficient time to be brought before the Peers. All parties seemed uncertain; and when the House met at four o'clock, very few were in the secret that a new dodge was to be substituted for the disorderly motion. The novelty began to be adjourned debate at half-past four by the motion of adjournment took the Government completely by surprise. Lord John put on his most tragic Don Carlos aspect, and whispered a stage aside to Sir George Grey, who looks as if he were always rehearsing *Jago* to himself, but never could find an *Othello*. Off he set, not the gentleman in black, but the minister for the Duchy, to the Chair, whose occupant seemed indeed seated between two stools, with only one leg between them. Mr. Speaker was struck all of a heap. He had not believed in the possibility of such thing, and knew not how to deal with the dilemma. What he did know, however, was, that he wouldn't do what Grey wanted him, whatever that might be; and it was tolerably evident to all eyes that Sir George was the other oratorical impediments, which he might have readily done, to this question, why there should be an adjournment of the debate on Mackinnon's motion, (to wait for the next census before proceeding), which was the real subject matter at issue? But Mr. Speaker may be wiser in his generation than he gets credit for. Everybody knows by whom and what for he was put where he is; therefore his first of duties being to his master, he puts a sinister spoke whenever he can in whatever wheel revolves contrary to said master's real inclination. Not only is Denison opposed to Russell's bill, but he makes no mystery of his earnestness of his opposition. Accordingly on the next killing debate, he was expected to roll; but the fact that he was expressly intended to kill time was somewhat glossed over by every alternate speaker rising on the Ministerial side; thus also taking the sting out of the subsequent attempted reproach on the part of the First Minister that the Opposition were exclusively to blame for wasting the night. The mover of the motion, the member for Ayrshire, Sir J. Ferguson, though a young man, under thirty, got through his onerous task with the skill and coolness of a veteran. His voice is pleasing, his mien and manner agreeable, and his speech left a very favourable impression, one that is likely to be improved upon on his next attempt;—therein differing from the other late speaker, Mr. D. Cane, whose anticipated ignition of the Thames is less likely to be realised every time he makes the incendiary experiment.

Up to ten o'clock the debate was, on the whole, but commonplace, though still very fairly sustained. At that hour, as already said, enters "Adam" who makes the Assembly shine, Robin Adair," Henry John Temple, looking as jockeyishly fresh as if he were going to take a gallop for the cup, and were sure of winning in a canter. He came in a walking advertisement of the maxims of his old friend, Brummel, as to the prime requisite in good dressing, "country washing, and plenty of it;" having a display of shirt-front that would ravish the heart of a Hamptonland laundress. Perhaps it was only a dicker; for everything about him was so admirable, that the latter must be certain that that nothing is what it seems, but is else altogether. However, shirt or dicker, it had evidently been just got into; and, as, evidently, the individual inside it was as proud of the operation as would have been his antique associate, George IV., says that the royal tailor would have been shocked to behold the general get up, studs of high lowness included, marred by a ponderous brown waistcoat, fit only for the November wear of a middle-aged man, and quite out of keeping with an airy gossamer stripping of seventy-five. Down plopped Pam beside Lord John, at his right, and began recanting the incidents of the race. But John, mayhap, suspecting that he was being "trotted," for he doesn't know a horse from a zany, save by the ears, and thinks that the latter must be the case, notwithstanding his because of his bray, soon showed that he was in no stable-minded mood; and yawned in a style sufficient to offend the Rarer of men, who has tamed everything on two legs that ever stood before him, causing it to go down on his knees to him, turned to his left. But, lo, Gladstone was more listless, and less inclined to listen. Stretched out in one of those sprawling half-

dislocated attitudes he has lately adopted, as if for the edification of American visitors who may resent what Mr. Trollope has said about the anti-Turkey drop dealers. The unapologetic senators of the Senate, who exploded financier presents us with a sort of take-it-or-leave-it budget, burst up, blown down toasty-curry, higgledy-piggledy, three ways at once. With his head resting on the back of the bench, his arms and legs spragged out in curves and angles Euclid couldn't define, and his eyes closed, you might at first imagine he was fast asleep. But closer inspection would show you that those drowsy lids were very wide awake, and that there was no relaxation in the jaw; the general aspect of the visage suggesting the notion of painful concentration, rather than of pleasant dreams. However, the bewilderment was sufficiently real to warn off intruders, and seemed somewhat infelicitous too. For Palmerston was just about to coil himself up, and go off into those "roacet slumbers," of late so frequent, as Disraeli pleasantly remarked, with a tellingsome wholly unappreciated out of the House, but tremendous in it, when up rose Whitelaw. Now, "not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East" would minister sleep" under the Niagara of adjectives this Irish Boanerges pours out, accompanied as the torrent's roar is with thwacks and thumps and bumps and jumps, as though icebergs and primeval rocks were being whirled every minute into the hullabaloo hot-potato soup.

To pretend to snatch a wink in forty even the forty-angled powers of fate possessed by the Premier, who, incidentally, made the best of the misfortune, and stood about without a blink. Bright's reply was excellent in every respect, except that he did not touch the question of the separate legislation; and his assault on Disraeli was ill-timed, and very indifferently received by the House, although the Birmingham tribune is a general favourite, and all feel proud that he is "one of us." As usual, he had notes of his peroration in his hand, and glanced at them when concluding, the conclusion being admirable of its kind. Cairns acquired new debating skills on this occasion. His reference to Bright's Conservative paper, and a little similar pleasant personality, and the patriot's expense, produced a good deal of merriment; but Bright himself was not present. He left shortly after Cairns rose, and did not return till toward the middle of the Premier's speech, the manner of which, at first, seemed to strike him as particularly good; for the noble Viscount put on some of the externals of sincerity, but was on that account perhaps the more distrusted. He stood forward in the old style of blustering and hectoring, threw out his chest, looking straight down the front benches, and made his voice ring into every corner of the House in a way that would have been most effective if the voice were not *vox ex praterita nihil*.

When Palmerston was drawing to a close, Disraeli, who rarely ever betrays the least seeming consciousness of what is going on, or gives the smallest premonitory intimation that he is going to be body-bumped, came forward, keeping his eye upon the angry gymnast who was posturing and making-bad that something heroic was being enacted. Though gifted, or afflicted, as the case may be, with the most insupportable physiognomy ever placed on human shoulders, at least since the case of the Pig-faced Lady, the Canaanite's countenance certainly did show beforehand in this instance that he anticipated a triumph; and the anticipation was most thoroughly realised. The moment he began, it was obvious he meant going in for assault and battery, and his lips became as palpable as those of Sayers or Heenan put together, combining the peculiarities of body-bump and face-bump, stunners and blunders, with a few of the feints and surrises which enabled those Hebraic combatants, Mendoza and Belasco, to superadd Asian mystery to Frank off-handed close-fistedness. Ben's description of the state of feeling on the benches at the back of the Treasury, and his panorama of Palmerston's obfuscation in awaking from his sleep, and exclaiming, "God bless my eyes, where are we?" &c., was the perfection of grave burlesque, and showed him to be as thorough master of the only department of irony he had not before essayed as he is in those where he has long walked without a rival, or even an imitator. The cheering of his supporters was perhaps never given so heartily as for the Lord Chancellor. The crowd meant to extinguish the most idiotic of canards, which some gobsomebouches have been again putting in circulation about the doubtful allegiance of the Conservative body to the Disraelian leadership. Perhaps in all political fiction there hasn't been anything so preposterous, nor yet more continuously repeated. It is like the sea-serpent; everybody feels it is impossible, but that something may turn up to give it a colour of fact. For fifteen years the same silliness has been put forth; and there has been the same jabber about substituting this cipher and that for the "head that carried the crown" of Derbyshire, as a crowner and a Whig, said, with equal confidence, and political acumen, this time ten years. If it were true to say so this time too? Who has arisen in the interim? Where is he? At one time the organ of the yellow plush section of conservatism used to talk of "Mr. Herries, the veteran leader." As well have talked of Dame Trot and her comical cat; but, at any rate, there has been an end of the talk long since of Herries, of whose existence no one has the smallest recollection, except that he was a sixth-rate man in a third-rate place, having been pitchforked by some unaccountable casualty into high office, as much to his own surprise as that of the public. Nothing could have been more childish, whether explained or good-naturedly, as it is said, by the Lord John's characteristic reference the other night to the *Quarterly's* impeachment of the Bucks' guidance. That periodical was never an eulogist of Disraeli, nor he of it, or of its "slashing article" contributors, including others besides Rigby. What little value there can be in its opinion on such a subject now is proved by the circumstance that the utterer of this opinion is so small a person as Lord E. Cecil, who had better be cautious how he imitates his ancestor, Burleigh, in the matter of shaking his head lest that very feathery appendage fly off, though he would perhaps be the last to be aware of the less, or mightn't deem it one if he were. It would have been easy to retort of Lord John that even he had been a little too bold to lead the state, but there is no saying, the less to be said, that the very publication whose shrill-belt is the name of Fox, of whom his lordship has written a hundred biographies, or at least made a hundred attempts to do so; the periodical that had for nearly fifty years been puffing everything connected with Holland House, especially its late mistress, who left Lord John a large legacy for his life-long bellows-blowing in the same direction. The *Times* sort of sarcasm might tell there, but was wholly inapplicable in the other case.

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(From the Times Turin Correspondent.)

RATHER think my previous letter will have made you aware of the fact that there are in this united Italian kingdom two armies—the old and the new. The old was everything that the lover of the military art could desire: the new contains the elements for even a better and more efficient force, but the organisation of this latter has made but little if any progress from the Peace of Villafranca to the present time.

It had been for a long time a problem whether Italian soldiers could be made to fight. The question is now rather whether Italian soldiers can be made to fight. To establish discipline among Italian troops, out of purely Italian elements, has ever been, and will be, the main difficulty. I am an early riser, and my morning walk frequently takes me to the Place d'Armes, where in the cool hours the Savoy Brigade is manoeuvring. Sum up all the most brilliant with the most solid qualities which distinguish the choicest French and the most consummately trained German soldiery, and you will not produce a nobler corps than this same Savoy Brigade. They are all veterans now, for the recruits of this year have not come in, and the precision, calmness, rapidity, and alacrity of their evolutions are unapproachable. Gloomy and dispirited they do not appear, too, for they know they look their best on the French southern land; they know the Piedmontese brethren are even being severed; and, since they are going, they feel home-sickness creeping over them; they long for the parting to be over, and are eager to go forward and meet that uncertain future which the connexion of their country with a vast empire may have in store for them. Still, does a word of complaint, a murmur escape them? There is not one of those swarthy, thick-set, silent men, but knows that short walk across yonder snowy gorge of Mont Cenis would bring him home into the arms of his family, where his present rulers would hardly molest him, and would certainly be unable to molest him. At this moment is of no use either to himself or to the king, whose uniform he is so soon to put off. But he has been trained to school of patience and obedience. He is *soldat avant tout*. All in due time and in the King dispose; you might as soon expect to see snowy Rochemelon shift its ground as look for the desertion of one of these pining Savoyards.

Well, there are not in the Piedmontese army better regiments than these Savoyards, but there are some, perhaps, nearly as good. The highlands of Aosta, the Canavese, Biella, Saluzzo, Cuneo, and Mondovì produce men gifted with the same long-enduring hardihood, and they have been welded with the Savoyards into one mass for addresses. Notwithstanding the allurements of a Southern land, or rather of the habits engendered by indulgence in a southern climate, even the flats of Novara, the fine hills of Montferrat, and the olive groves of Genoa produce men who can march creditably along with the sturdy soldiers of the Alps. On the mountain slopes of Como, Bergamo, Brescia, the territories of Trent and Friuli, and along the Apennines of the Duchies and Romagna, the plain man, as Alfieri has it, grows certainly as fine and robust as in Piedmont itself—nay, even lustier. Nor should any man speak with disparagement of the Tuscans of Arezzo and Pisa, or of the Romans of Umbria and the Sabines, or of the Neapolitans of Abruzzo and Calabria. The men are there, who shall make the soldiers?

Can any man of constructive genius find the means of establishing discipline among Italian soldiers? I answer, the French of the First Napoleon did it; Murat did it; the Austrians did it and so did the English of Malak did it. But can any Italian manage it? It had been none in Piedmont, at Genoa, in the island of Sardinia. The organisation was originally Savoyard, but it had become Piedmontese, and the Piedmontese may never degenerate, although their Savoyard brethren be no longer allowed to show them the path of honour. I contend that the army of France, in 1849, had reached the lowest abyss of confusion and dissolution, but by La Marmora raised to such a height of order and high feeling that both in the Crimea and in Lombardy the French and English had no great reason to condemn them as auxiliaries, nor the Russians and Austrians to despise them as opponents. But now Savoy withdraws its beneficial influence from Piedmont, and Piedmont in its turn must be the trainer of Italy. At the very outbreak of the war, La Marmora was set aside as a worn-out implement. It was a national war, and the minister must not disdain the use of national elements. La Marmora was only emmened by the myriads of volunteers. Cavour took upon himself the management of both the volunteers and of the regulars. The war was fought, but it was followed by no peace; the want of a large army was still felt. The services of the volunteers could not be dispensed with. Ever since Villafranca Cavour and Fanti have been cudgelling their brains for the solution of that most difficult problem—how volunteers may be made into regular soldiers.

The conscription in Italy, out of which regular soldiers are made, falls by law on all the youths of the country alike. By a little contrivance, however, it turns out that the immense majority of the conscripts are peasants. The volunteers are, almost without exception, citizens. Now, these citizens are unfit for soldiers' work—first, by constitutional weakness, then by intellectual strength. Put in the ranks, the most of these volunteers belong to that class of soldiers who are characterised by the appellation of "thinking bayonets." They like little work and infinite talk. Garrison life is unbearable to them. They are not without a certain impetuosity—a certain wild, desultory, slashing bravery—during a campaign; but ultimately, even in war, the last drummer knows better than even the most experienced general. They are fonder of giving than obeying orders; they perform no duty of which they do not, in their own wisdom, see the necessity. In time of peace they are all *frondeurs* and club men; they prefer the *cafés* to the barracks, the opera to the drill ground. They are fond of drives than either of long rides or long marches. They are great hand-players of sympathy. They fraternise with the townspeople and with each other. They set down the law as to what is good for themselves, for their country, and for Europe at large. Some of them have money, and enjoy it with their comrades on a footing of honest communism.

It is out of such elements that most of the privileges of the Duchies of the Romagna, and some of the Tuscan volunteer battalions are made. They were enlisted for the war. They have been bound to serve for a fixed period, under the pressure of artificial excitement; and many of them were let off by successive *deparcements*, or clearances, by General Fanti, but their ranks have been filled by new volunteers

from Trent and Venice, and their organic vice as never been radically cured.

I am not aware that these troops, amounting probably to some 30,000 men, can admit of any other reform than instant disorganization and dissolution. Their incorporation with the Piedmontese segments is much sooner proposed than effected. A great many of the most intelligent and best intentioned volunteers, from the very outset of the war, preferred, indeed, to enter the Piedmontese ranks; but many of them were men of good faith; they were actuated by generous patriotic principles. They knew little of the hardships of barracks life: they were ill fitted for communion with the ignorant, coarse soldiers, making up the bulk of the regular rank and file; they were not prepared for the exigencies of the overstrict, harsh, somewhat martinet Piedmontese discipline.

Volunteer and regular will fight side by side, as they cannot easily be made to do; their spoons in the same gamelle, they will not willingly share the same pallet. Even that amount of self-denial may be obtained from a true-hearted volunteer during the campaign, but in time of peace the habits of the peasant-soldier will be found incompatible with those of the tenderly-nurtured citizen. Nor are, unfortunately, all the volunteers true-hearted, well-disciplined patriots. Scamps without number and kind of discrimination were introduced into the ranks of the Central Italian brigades, influenced by the high pay which the Provisional governments at the outset deemed it expedient to allow. These were not only unoccupied no less than illiterate scoundrels, and the appointment and promotion of officers were, in frequent instances, effected with the blindest indiscretion and inconsiderateness. All those soldiers and all those officers who by no human efforts be incorporated with the Piedmontese regiments; the soldiers would ever submit to the wholesome strictness of Piedmontese rule; the officers would never have their ranks sifted according to the standard of Piedmontese advancement. By blending mass with mass, it would be much more likely that Italy should disorganize Piedmont than that Piedmont should discipline Italy.

On the whole, as I have often said, there is danger that Italy should lose her peace all she has won by war. Had the war continued, should war even break out, these disorderly elements of Central Italy might still be turned to excellent purposes. Indeed, the very scandals of which Ferrara, Torton, and other places were lately the theatre, only point out the real nature of the evil. The volunteers are either fighting men, or they are nothing. Had the King called upon them to join him in a new conflict with Lamoriciere and the King of Naples, they would not have been storming to Garibaldi. They obeyed a warlike, generous, patriotic impulse. Truly a soldier should know nothing about impulses, and should even outlive his patriotism till it is wanted; but these were no peace-soldiers; either no peace should be made, or they should be dismissed, the army, no less than the State of Piedmont, that it may live, must have either peace or war. The State made up of such new heterogeneous elements cannot keep up an army on the war footing in the time of peace. Little by little, by companies and pelotons, the Emilians and Tuscans may and will be identified with Piedmontese soldiers; out of an army of 30,000 or 40,000 men cannot once assimilate a disorderly mass of the same numbers. That mass, too, is not made up of assimilable elements. It is grievous in the extreme to think of the millions and millions which have been thrown away in the Emilia cloth and re-cloth these volunteers, whom no uniform could make into soldiers, any more than monks are by their cowls. Fanti is rather too late, thinking of regular levies. He is a well-meaning, intelligent Minister; but the time is not, perhaps, far distant when Piedmont will feel the want of the strong hand, of the iron rule, which will be the narrow-minded, but provident severity of the well-deserving though unpopular La Marmora.

I hear that General Fanti is contemplating retirement from the War-office, and Fanti does not consider himself too much used up to keep his place at the Home-office.

BAKERS V. PRINTERS.—According to the report of Mr. Guy, the journeyman baker habitually works in a polluted atmosphere from eighteen to twenty hours a day, and towards the end of the week nearly two entire days in succession. It is to be wondered at that, under these circumstances, the trade of the baker is one of the most unhealthy in the metropolis; compositors who work in a heated atmosphere, where the heat is to be feared, are peculiarly subject to various diseases of a severe character, such as (to give a very common symptom) in the proportion of twelve and a half to 100; but journeyman bakers, who are informed by a sane authority, spit blood in the proportion of one to five. Amongst the journeymen of the under-pressed bakers, we are told that no man can get over other man's spit blood. We do not wish to attribute this unpleasant subject further than is necessary to ensure public attention to the suffering of a class of men who have hitherto borne their lot with almost culpable patience.—*Once a Week.*

THE FLOATING POPULATION OF LONDON.—Mr. W. Harvey, the Commissioner of the City of London, has, upon the application of Mr. Alderman Lubbock, Mr. Alderman Glyn, and Mr. Alderman Glyn, caused an account to be taken by the police of the number of persons entering the city within a given period. The result shows that the amazing number of 709,921 persons entered the city in 1863, and various entrances during the twenty-four hours tested; and as the day selected for the enumeration was free from any extraordinary attraction to the city, there is no reason to suppose that the number is a fair estimate of the average daily influx. Of the 709,921, an aggregate of this census of a day, 49,342 only, or less than one-fourteenth, entered during the night—viz., between midnight and daybreak, and 179 per cent. of it hardly necessary to add that these numbers are altogether irrespective of the resident population.—*Times.*

THE SUPPLY OF WOOL.—Last year's imports of wool into England were valued at £1,283,884 10s. against £1,738,729 10s. in 1868, and £1,797,809 10s. in 1867. In 1864 the importation was only 499,438 lbs., so that the remainder must have come from the Continent. In 1864, 28,164,731 lbs. were imported from foreign countries, or 57 per cent. of the total imports; and in 1869, 59,951,346 lbs. or 38 per cent.; so that the English is now less than half the foreign supply. It is hardly necessary to add that these numbers are altogether irrespective of the resident population.—*Times.*

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THE SUPPLY OF WOOL.—

[illegible]

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.
Established upwards of half a century.
Subscribed and Invested Capital, £1,600,000.
Annual Income, 170,000, and rapidly increasing.
Head to most unusual loss, £20,000.
Premiums for Dwelling and Counting House.
Brick or Stone with slated or metal roofs, from 3s. 3d. to 3s. 1d. ditto with slung roof, 6s. to 7s. 6d. Merchandise at the same rate as the building.
Brickrugged and Weatherboard Buildings, from 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Ships in Harbour or in Dock, in the Port of Sydney.—
With warranty not to repair, 7s. 6d. per cent. per annum.
With liberty to repair, 11s. 3d. Ships building as may be agreed.
Premium for Ballage, Storing Merchandise, or in which trades are carried on.
Brick or Stone with slated or metal roofs, from 3s. 3d. to 3s. 1d. ditto with slung roof, 6s. to 7s. 6d. Merchandise at the same rate as the building.
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NOTICE.—By Public Auctioneers, Messrs. Dwyer & W. W. DUCKHART, has always on SALE
FURNISHED country, first brands, quality and condition guaranteed.
Plaster of Paris, ditto ditto
Slaters, best Bangor, all sizes
Sheet lead, best London milled, 3s. 4, 5, 6, 7 lbs.
Black and white iron pipes, all sizes
Chimney pipes, marble and enamelled slate
Slates, slates, better, and plain slates
Black and white iron pipes, all sizes
Dumfries patent vitrified sewerware drain pipes
Ditto terra cotta sewerware, vases, urinals, &c.
Ditto ditto chimney pots
Ditto ditto ditto
Earthenware, packed for country buyers
China and glassware, ditto ditto
The City of Sydney, &c. &c. &c.
Plaster and Cement Works, Circular Quay.

SALES BY AUCTION
FRIDAY, 24th August.
Turkey Optum, Turkey Optum.
PURKIS and LAMBERT will sell by
AUCTION, at their Mart, George-street, THIS
DAY, 24th instant, at 11 o'clock, from one of the
first houses in London. Terms, cash.
THIS DAY, Friday.
Engravings, Outlets.
PURKIS and LAMBERT will sell by
AUCTION, at their Mart, George-street, THIS
DAY, Friday, at 11 o'clock.
A superior lot of engravings
Small service of cutlery
Salem matches
1 case smoking furs, &c.
THIS DAY (Friday).
On account of whom it may concern.
PURKIS and LAMBERT will sell by
AUCTION, at their Mart, George-street, THIS
DAY (Friday), at 11 o'clock.
25 large nails, more or less damaged.
THIS DAY (Friday).
Continuation of Messrs. Horn, Hamper, and Co.'s Stock.
Office Furniture, &c. &c.
PURKIS and LAMBERT will sell by
AUCTION, at their Mart, George-street, THIS DAY
(Friday), at 11 o'clock.
Upperclothes, hats, fixtures
Water can, toilet pails
Candle moulds, tin wash tubs, &c., &c.
Marty's Horse and Carriage Bazaar, 266, Pitt-street,
and 233, Castlereagh-street.
M. R. CHARLES MARTIN has received a regular
SALE BY AUCTION every TUESDAY,
THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 11 o'clock precisely.
All parties sending in goods, carriages, &c., are
being requested to forward written instructions previous to
sale, stating brands, age, qualification, &c., and amount of
reserves, otherwise they will be effected to the highest
bids.
M.R.—No responsibility whatever incurred by accident
in trying or breaking down horses, &c.
To the Sydney Observer.
Two Extraordinary Prizes Open, bred and stall-fed by
Charles Reynolds, Esq., &c.
M. R. C. MARTIN has been instructed to
sell by auction, at the Bazaar, on THURSDAY,
August 20th, at 12 o'clock.
Two lot, one, the finest stall-fed animals that has ever
been shown in Sydney. They will be on view two
days previous to sale.
Imported Milk Cow and Calf.
Es Vintner.
M. R. C. MARTIN has received instructions
from Captain Swanson to sell by auction, at the
Bazaar, on SATURDAY, August 26th.
A fine milk cow, 4 years of age, in foal.
The cow has been milked during the passage, and is a
fine milker.
Champion Race at Randwick.
Dolls
Boots
Grand Stand, Hotels
Horse Stalls, &c.
M. R. C. MARTIN has received instructions
from the Australian Jockey Club, to
submit for public competition, at the Bazaar, Pitt-street,
on SATURDAY, August 26th, at 12 o'clock.
The Warwick gate for the Champion Race and the Spring
Meeting.—4 days
Also a fine grand stand, hotels, horse stalls, &c.
All particulars can be had at the Bazaar.
Brougham
Park Boscillos
Park Phaetons.
Ex Arrived from London.
Damaged by Sea Water.
M. R. C. MARTIN will sell by auction, by
order of the Importer, at the Bazaar, on
TUESDAY, 26th, at 11 o'clock.
One brougham, with double seats, and made to open or
close, new, and green, patent axle, &c.
One park suitable painted chair, and lined with brown
cloth, patent axle, &c.
One park suitable, painted green, and lined with green
cloth, patent axle, &c.
One park phaeton, painted cedar, and lined with brown
cloth, patent axle, &c.
One park phaeton, painted green, and lined with green
cloth, patent axle, &c.
The whole more or less damaged by sea water.
**HORSE BAZAAR, Pitt and Castlereagh
streets, Sydney.** Established 1847.
BURT and CO. held a regular sale by auction every day,
at 11 o'clock.
Horses intended for sale should arrive at the Bazaar,
accompanied by instructions, one day previous, in order to
be properly displayed.
The usual cash advances on invoices of saddlery, girths,
carriages, and other vehicles intended for sale, are made,
for which terms the Bazaar is responsible.
The private livery stables adjacent the Castlereagh-street
entrance, and are wholly distinct from the sale stables.
Two Carriers' Teams.
Consisting of 10 Horses, 3 Drays, and Harness.
BURT and CO. are instructed by Mr.
Patrick Logan, of Morpeth, to sell by auction,
at their Bazaar, THIS DAY (Friday), at 11 o'clock,
a pair of horses, 4 years of age, bred in the North
double shaft dray, with harness, tarpaulin, &c.
Four horses, single shaft dray, with harness, &c.
From front saddle horse, 4 years of age, on the Northern
roads, and each team will be found complete with every
regulate. **OR** Carriage, &c. &c.
FRIDAY'S Horse sale.
BURT and CO. will sell by auction, at their
Bazaar, Pitt and Castlereagh streets, THIS
DAY, Friday, at 11 o'clock, from one of the
3 ditto ditto, from Dapple
5 ditto ditto, from Sultan Peter
2 carriages, teams, from Maidland,
and 30 other horses. Also,
5 drays
3 carriages
and sundries.
Household Furniture, &c.
M. R. H. D. COCKBURN has been instructed
to sell by public auction, on the premises
Bourke-street, opposite the Iron Works, THIS DAY,
24th August, at 11 o'clock.
Household furniture, comprising ward, bed, plate glass
front, sideboard, washstand, drawers, tables, wash-
stand, cupboard, bookcase, bedstead, bedding,
sunder, carpet, crockery, kitchen utensils,
and sundries.
Terms, cash.

MUNICIPALITY OF REDFERN.—TENDERS will be received at this office, until noon of FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1906, for the supply and delivery of RUBBER STONES at per ton. Further particulars may be obtained at the Council Chamber.

GEORGE PHILIPSEN, Council Clerk.
Municipality Office, Redfern, 18th August.

TO BUILDERS.—Tenders are required for certain Repairs at Cringard. Specifications to be sent on application to Mr. EDMUND T. BLACKET, First-street, to whom tenders are to be addressed, on or before FRIDAY, AUGUST 31. No tender will be accepted unless perfectly satisfactory.

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.—TENDERS are invited for the erection and completion of six small houses in Cringard, and the completion of one small

WHEELER AND WILSON'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.—The subscribers beg to inform the public that they have been appointed AGENTS for the SALE of the above-named machine.

The unanimous favour, which has attended the introduction of **WHEELER AND WILSON'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE**, manufactured in America, and also in the adoption of this machine by the most distinguished and successful colonies, is sufficient evidence of its merits. It is needless to say that this most useful instrument is rapidly becoming a domestic institution; the fact is recognized by the constant use in thousands of families in every rank of life.

In shirt manufactures it has become indispensable. In the making of quilts, ornamental stitching, &c. it is equally efficient. It is a most useful and a rapidly increasing article of commerce, and, in consequence of its ease, precision, and beauty, that no other machine can be compared with it. The work is also of the most durable kind. It is simple and easy to use, and is the most economical.

PAUL INSTRUCTIONS for operating the machine is given to the purchaser gratuitously at the sale room; also very full printed directions. Circulars and testimonials post free.

VENHARD and STEVENS, agents, 348, George-street, two doors north of Playfair's.

HIGH and BROWN beg to direct the attention of the public to the following profitable investments to the following **PROPERTIES**:

FOR SALE, 30 acres of Land, at LANCE CROOK, on easy terms, 24 per cent.

100 to 2000 acres of Land, near Balauch.

108 acres of Land, at Otley Island, Manning River.

A Farm, near Grafton (excellent land).

A Family Manse, at the North Shore, with every convenience and situated in the best locality.

Several Properties in and near Newton.

6-roomed House and Farm of 40 acres, near a railway station.

Wanted to Purchase, a Cottage near Bulah, with a small acre of land.

acres of land
To LET, 4-roomed Houses, Wellington-place, Darling-
ton, £100 per week
House and Shop, in Castleburgh-street, £1 6s. p'r
week
Several Houses in Elizabeth-street, from £90 to £163
per week
House in Cleveland-street, Redfern, £1 per week
Mortgages and Loans effected.

A few tons Java rice.
HENRY MOORE, Moore's Wharf, 3rd August.

GARDEN ENGINE. The undersigned is
 leading—
 Portable garden engines
 Lawn mowing machines
 Garden rollers
 Light steeple cabs and shovels
 Garden syringes
 Garden and vineyard ploughs
 Reboil and trenching ditch
 Rose, Dahlia, and tree standards.
E. BINGHAM, manufacturer's agent, 115, York-street.

100 BOTTLES OF STOMACH-PURIFIER.—The undersigned has constantly on HAND—
 100 bottles of the celebrated, well known, all widths
 Gas, serving Tonic, Bile and coarse
 Shampoos, Scrubs and Wilkinson's
 Sarsaparilla, and
 "c. trousers, Scotch twist shirts
 Wine and spirits, &c.
 And every article obtainable at a retail.
JAMES MOORE and CO., 175, FETTER-STREET.

GLIMDRONACH WHISKY.—This celebrated
 Whisky, from the Royal Distillery, on SALER at the
 Glasgow of JAMES WATSON & CO.

CIRCULAR QUAT WARE MILLS and Timber Yard.
 —To Architects, Contractors, Builders, Coach-
 makers, Cabinet-makers, Wheelwrights, &c.—A large and
 complete assortment of TIMBER, doors,
 sashes, architraves, mouldings, shingles, lath, battens,
 and palings; French doors, blinds, &c. **W. N. BOLFE**

HARDWOOD, from Brisbane Water; the largest as-
 sortment of **W. N. BOLFE, Circular Quay.**

3000 BALTIC DEALS, solid, and cut to order
50,000 feet 1 1/2, and 1 inch, T. and G. flooring
130,000 feet 2, 2 1/2, 1 1/2, and 1 inch dressed clear pine
50,000 feet 1 inch double dressed carpenter boards
50,000 feet cedar, in log and cut, clear
50,000 feet laurel, in boards and cut to order
2,500 panel and glass door, glass windows
50,000 feet moldings, architraves, shirtings, rolls, etc.
50,000 feet mouldings, pilings, shingles, batons, etc.
50,000 feet skates and crumpleboards
GOODLIEB AND CO., Dealers and Crumpleboarders

130,000 RUBART TOWN SHINGLES,
ROBURNED AND WHITAKER,
Albion Wharf.

PORTLAND CEMENT—300 barrels Medina and Co.'s

Patent Portland Cement, now landing ex Bodas, 50 barrels P&G, Harpaz's plaster of Paris, ex Julia Melbourne Apply to F. COWLES & SONS, Jan., No. 1, King-street, Commercial Wharf.

AMERICAN BUGGIES—BURT and C., agents for Fisher, Rice, and Co., Melbourne, importers of American vehicles.

The undersigned have now on sale, just landed, ex GH Blau, new and choice American vehicles, consisting of Single and double seated buggies. No top and side seat stags. Family rickshaws, also. Extra poles, with whiffletrees.

S. C. BURT and CO., 372, Pitt-street.

FOR SALE, 1000 head of Store Cattle, deliverable in the Balenoine River. GEORGE M. FITZ, Richmond.

LARNACH STATIONS, Pittsburg River.—The undersigned has received instructions to dispose of the above well-known stations, with the following stock, viz.,—
8000 sheep, and about
100 head of cattle.
The improvements are first-class. Full particulars on application.

LOPES AND LARNACH.

FOR SALE, the run known as UNDERCLIFF in the Chatham district, distant about 140 miles from Graham.
This run adjoins the well-known stations of Maryland, Korvela, and Ansona Creek, and the country consists of sound open ridges, the timbered tract of 1600 acres, well watered and the improvements consist of sheep owner's residence, and four out-stations, with substantial

With the run will be sold 9408 shoes (more or less). For further particulars, apply to GILCHRIST, WATTS, and CO.

TO COVER THIS SEASON.—The imported horse YOUNG CLYDESDALE will travel through Liverpool, Campbelltown, Menzies, and Glasgow MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, and WEDNESDAYS, and will stand three days at George's Hall every week. Young Clyde, a brown horse, rising four years old, by Prince Royal out of Jessie. Prince Royal, by General Williams, was bred by Mr. Barr, of Banagry.

Terma.—For single mares, £4 10s.; for two mares, £4 5s., and for three or more, the property of one person, £4, groomage included. Payment to be made 1st January, 1861.

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD.
 Subscriptions, 30s. per quarter.
 CASH PAYMENT OF ADVANCEMENTS.
 Two lines or 14 words Two shillings.
 Four lines or 30 words Two shillings.
 Six lines or 42 words Three shillings.
 Eight lines or 54 words Four shillings.
 And 3s. (three pence) per line for every additional line of
 eight words for each advertisement.
 * All advertisements under 10 lines will be charged
 at 1s. per line, 10 lines and upwards at 3s. per line.

DE. ON. 25 CENTS PER LINE PER WEEK.
 Births, Deaths, and Marriages, 2s. each insertion.
 N.B.—Advertisers in the country can remit payment in
 postage stamps.

STREET 25—Printed and published by JOHN FAIRFAX AND SONS, at
 the Office of the "Sydney Morning Herald," Pitt and Hunter
 streets, Friday, August 24th, 1866.

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